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The Nutmeg Tree.

The nutmeg is the kernel of the fruit of several species of trees growing wild in Asia, Africa and America. The cultivated nutmeg tree is from fifty to seventy-five feet high and produces fruit for sixty years. The fruit is of the size and appearance of a roundish pear, yellow in color. The fleshy part of the fruit is rather hard and resembles candied citron. Within is the nut, enveloped in the curious yellowish red aril known to us as mace. Up to 1796 the Dutch, being in possession of the islands producing the only valuable variety of the nutmeg, jealously tried to prevent the carrying of the tree or a living seed of it into any territory independent of Dutch rule.

His Latin Helped.

There was a famous British officer, Lieutenant General Sir George Murray, who served in the expedition to Egypt. When before Alexandria, the troops having suffered severely from want of water, his literary acquirements were of the greatest service, instructing him that Caesar's army had been in the same predicament. Referring to his "Caesar" (which he always carried in his portable library), he found his recollection right—that water had been obtained by the Romans from wells dug at a certain spot in the sands. A trial was immediately made, and the result was a copious supply. The British troops braced up and conquered Egypt.—New York Press.



The Social Reformer—Is your mother at home, little girl?

The Little Girl—No, mother. Mamma's gone for eight minutes. I'll tell her.

A Dilemma's Horns.

The young lady sighed deeply and was almost affected to tears.

"Harold," she said, "declares that if I don't marry him he will end his life, and I am afraid he will."

She stifled a sob, then continued: "And Randolph declares that if I don't marry him he will go into politics and become great and famous, and then he says I shall see what I have missed, and I am afraid he will keep his word too."

Overcome by emotion, she buried her face in her hands, not knowing whether to save a life or to spare the country another politician.

The First Census.

The idea of the census originated among the Romans, when a group of the many functions performed by the high officer called censor received the name of census. It was taken every five years and indicated not only the number of the respective classes of the people, but their domestic positions as husbands, wives, fathers, mothers, sons and daughters. The first modern nation to take up the census was the United States of America in 1790. The first British census was in 1801, but this did not include Ireland.

When Ohio Failed.

In the midst of C. B. Galbreath's lecture on "Lafayette" the other night at the Young Men's Christian association he spent quite a little time on the incident of the princely sum of \$140,000 which he brought with him to this country and gave to congress.

"When Lafayette returned to the United States about forty-two years later congress voted him \$200,000 in return for the \$140,000 which he gave to us in that time of great need. When the vote was taken every state in the Union voted for it with—let us mention it softly—the exception of Ohio."—Columbus Dispatch.

Forks and the Coin.

Place two forks with their prongs one set over the other and slip a coin between the middle prongs of the forks. Then place the coin flat on the rim of a wineglass or



tumbler, pushing it outward until the two circumferences are touching externally. In this position, as shown in the illustration, the fork will remain in equilibrium, and the water may be poured steadily from the glass into another without disturbing the coin or the two forks.



Sergeant Brown ("holding up" a burglar until the police arrive)—Ah, my man, you didn't know I'd been a volunteer for thirteen years, did you?

Slakes—Oh, don't say that, guv'nor. It might be a mistake—sketch.

The Chinese.

The Chinese invented printing, they invented gunpowder, they invented the mariner's compass.

The farmers of China were the first to hatch eggs by means of incubators, and the fishermen of China were the first to hatch fish spawn artificially. Arterian wells are of Chinese origin.

The penal code of China is thousands of years old, and thousands of years old is the Chinese civil service examination that western civilization has at last adopted.

When George Washington's ancestors wandered in the wet, cold woods of Britain, their naked and shivering chests painted blue, the Chinaman, dressed in splendid silks, lounged in a palace, on a chair of carved teakwood and marble, reading philosophy and drinking from cups of painted porcelain tea of exquisite flavor.



"There is one thing I never realized until I began to cast my bread upon the water."

"And that is?"

"How many people are out for the dough."—Philadelphia Press.

A Golf Rule.



"Keep your head still" is the first rule in golf, and Binks means to do so.

A BUDDING GENIUS.

Ambitions and Hard Work of the Boy Saint Gaudens.

Immediately on being apprenticed to Avet I applied for admission to the drawing school of the Cooper institute, and every evening after my return from work at 6 o'clock and a hasty tea I went down there, where my artistic education began.

I can recall there the kindly impression produced on me by Abram S. Hewitt as he glanced at me during some function of the school at the time was making space for the Cooper family, and I suppose that that is why he is so kind to me to this day.

It was during the next three years that my first ambitions were made manifest. I became a tumbler, toiling every night until 11 o'clock after the Cooper institute had closed in the conviction that a man or heaven-born genius must give to the world.

I can recall thinking in conveyances that if the work could realize how great it was rubbing elbows with the quiet looking but brilliant they would be professed. As a result, I was cut by the confining work of cutting by day and by night that in the morning I literally dragged out of bed, mother, pushed over to the stand, where I gave myself a lick somehow or other, and the seat at the table, admiring my breakfast, which consisted of tea and large quantities of the French loaves of bread with butter and tumbled downstairs, out into the street, where I awoke. "Remember Augustus Saint Gaudens" in Century.



The Professor—Yes, hello, is the Jones' lamp store? No, I can't tell you the size of the shade, but here's a lamp.—Harper's Weekly.

His Blunder.

"Have you ever stopped to think?" he began and then he tated.

"Well," she urged, "go on. Where were you going to say?"

"I beg your pardon," he replied. "I was about to ask you whether you had ever stopped to think of something, but I might have known that you never did."

"And you mean to insinuate that I never think?" she demanded.

"Oh, no, no, not at all," he made haste to assure her. "I only mean that women don't have to stop talking to think, for we all know that they do think sometimes."

And yet he wonders why she hates him.—Cleveland Leader.

Gladstone's Handshake.

An Aberdeen paper tells a Gladstone story of the memorable Midlothian tour. On one occasion there was a great handshaking ordeal at the window of the old gentleman's railway carriage, and he was rapidly getting the worst of it. A stalwart young policeman who accompanied Mr. Gladstone proved equal to the occasion. Crouching behind the great man and thrusting his hand under Mr. Gladstone's Inverness cape, the muscular "peeler" gave each comer in turn a grip that had no lack of cordiality.

"The auld man's uncommon vigorous at his time of life," observed one unsuspecting Scot as he stroked his fingers.

"He is that," concurred another of the policeman's victims, "but did you notice his dirty nails?"

The Old Constitution.

The Constitution originally carried forty-four guns. A particularly interesting history is connected with this ship. During the war with the Barbary powers in 1803 she was Commodore Preble's flagship in the Mediterranean and played a conspicuous part during the whole war. Lieutenant Wadsworth, who was blown up before Tripoli in the ill fated Intrepid, was one of the officers of the Constitution. In the course of the war with England in 1812 the English papers laughed at the Constitution and spoke of her as "a bundle of pine boards sailing under a bit of striped bunting." But when under Captain Hull she captured the English frigate Guerriere, a vessel of nearly equal force, the people who had before ridiculed her called her "one of the staunchest vessels afloat." A few months after this victory the Constitution, then commanded by Captain Bainbridge, compelled one of the finest frigates in the British navy, the Java, to strike its colors.

Glass Polishing.

Glass grinding is effected by the use of emery powder of various degrees of fineness. But it has been shown that this grinding cannot be carried beyond a certain point, however fine a powder may be used. In fact, a continuation of it undoes the work and breaks the surface up again. The most finely ground plate, if largely magnified, is shown to be covered with tiny bits which no grinding will remove. The work is therefore continued with rouge carried on a pad of rosin, which gradually smooths down the elevations between the pits. Hydrofluoric acid gas corrodes glass very rapidly, but a weak solution of it melts away the roughened surface and leaves a fine polish underneath. This method is used where very fine adjustments of the surface are required—as, for instance, in lenses for telescopes and microscopes.

Real Need For Hurry.



The Gentleman with the Bonnet Box—Don't stop me, old chap! Don't stop me! I've got a new hat for my wife in here, and if I'm not quick it'll be out of fashion before she's worn it! Drawn by H. M. Bateman in Sketch.

Buttermilk a Life Saver.

A French medical man advises people to drink buttermilk for long life. He says that the lactic acid dissolves every sort of earthy deposit in the blood vessels, keeping the veins and arteries so supple and free running that there can be no clogging up, and hence there is no deposit of chalky matter around the joints or of poisonous waste in the muscles. It is the stiffening and hardening of the blood vessels which bring on old age. Buttermilk is likely to postpone it ten or twenty years if freely drunk. A quart a day should be the minimum, the maximum according to taste and opportunity.

He Knew It Was Found.

A clergyman while going to church one Sunday morning lost a pocketbook containing valuable papers. After the service he made known his loss and said that whoever found the pocketbook and restored it to him would be well rewarded.

An old man immediately rose up at the back of the church and cried out:

"It's found, sir!"

"Oh, thank you, thank you, my man!" said the clergyman. "Have you got it with you?"

"No, sir," answered the man, "but I comed that way myself after you did, and it wasn't there then."—London Answers.

THE ATTIC INSTINCT.

Why Some Persons Cling to Things That Are Rubbish.

The attic instinct hangs on surprisingly, and an observing eye can tell how many years a person has lived in the city by merely glancing under her bed. If there are three hat boxes one will contain letters, one scraps of ribbons and laces—if it's a man it's newspaper clippings—and one anything from a broken lock to old road maps. If, besides these, there are bundles of magazines and piles of newspapers, not to mention a bicycle seat and a green umbrella that one might use in private theatricals—if all these things have been placed under the bed against the protests of the family, if they are patiently moved every cleaning day and clung to through a moving, then their owners have the attic instinct to such an extent that there is not the slightest hope of their ever being cured. They will think from an attic point of view for the rest of their lives, and their family might as well become resigned.

When people are willing to make themselves disagreeable over a bit of string and absolutely objectionable on the subject of stray pieces of brown paper they should not be accused of having bad dispositions, nor should they be suspected of doing it to annoy one. They are merely suffering from the attic instinct and cannot help themselves.

Their characters were formed and have now hardened for a scheme of life where certain things were always kept in the cellar, others in the wood shed, others in the pantry and the cupboard on the first floor, still others in the closets on the next floor, and everything and anything that overflowed from any of these places was just taken up to the attic. And now these poor devils live with a cellar, three stories and an attic still lodged in their minds, and, though they will in time disappear, like all unnecessary members—seventh toe, tails, an appendix—in the meantime they are suffering and fighting for them, and it takes a serious operation to remove so much as one scrap book if the owner thinks he may like to read it over in his old age.—Harper's Weekly.

Jenner as an Eater.

Dr. Jenner, the famous English physician, was a great tea drinker and very abstemious, never taking any stimulant except a measured glass of brandy when he had indigestion. Once for that cause he lived on stewed chops and rice for luncheon and dinner, with tea, for a couple of years, but ordinarily he was a great feeder.

"I recollect," said his friend, Dr. Cooper Bentham, "on one occasion Reynolds came to see him. Jenner was at dinner. He had soup, fish the greater part of a chicken, and he was in the middle of a huge rice pudding when Reynolds entered and asked him how he was. Jenner drew a pitiful sigh and replied, 'I am not at all well—no appetite.'"



"Before I engage you I must tell you my husband is very particular and very cross."

"Don't fear. Between us we'll manage him."—Fliegende Blätter.

Butter From Birds.

In South America is to be found a bird from which a species of butter can be obtained. This animal is known as the "oil bird," and one of its favorite haunts is the island of Trinidad. It breeds in rocky caves on the mainland, laying its eggs in a nest constructed of mud. The young birds are extraordinarily fat, and the fat, having been melted down in clay pots, produces a kind of butter, says London Tit-Bits. This butter is used by the natives. The caves inhabited by these oil birds are usually accessible only from the sea, and the hunting of these feathered creatures frequently affords exciting sport to the adventurous in spirit.

ENGLAND'S SACRED BEAST.

Unwritten Law Against Shooting Even Men Eating Foxes.

"Down in the country the other day there was a village sensation in which I was called upon to adjudicate for the farmers assembled in the parlor of the only village inn," writes the London correspondent of Town and Country. "One of their number had shot a fox which had prowled about among the fowls for so many nights that fowl keeping was becoming a risky business."

"The ordinary farmer does not mind losing an occasional hen, but reynard is a greedy beast and kills for the mere pleasure of the thing, and the hunt does not always pay up promptly. So here was a fine point in sporting etiquette to be settled. The farmer had shot a fox. He did not deny it. In fact, he preferred to show his chest with pride, as if in defiance of all the unwritten laws of British sport."

"Now, custom from time immemorial has decreed that the fox shall be as safe from gun and trap as if he were sacred. He belongs to the hounds and must be allowed to roam through the covers and farmyards at will, devouring what may happen in his way. Custom, too, demands that the hunt shall pay the damages. The hunt generally pays, though in innumerable cases the secretary is well aware that he is being swindled."

"But this particular farmer said he had hunted for many years himself and had never made a claim for lost hens. A year or two ago, however, a fox had paid a nocturnal visit to his fowl yard and had played havoc with the feathered denizens. A night or two after it happened again. A third time the fox came around and made a most deplorable mess of a lot of fine Wvandottes and some expensive Buff Orpingtons."

"Then the farmer wrote to the hunt secretary and asked for damages. The reply was that the claim would be attended to shortly, and at Christmas the settlement came in the form of a ham. Thereupon the farmer declared war on all foxes and killed them ruthlessly. And this was the point which puzzled the farmers on Saturday night."

"Jim Crawford shot a fox last year," said one of the men, "and no good has come to him since. It ain't lucky and it ain't sportsman-like. Let 'em kill your hens. That's what they are there for, and if one hunt secretary is mean there are a hundred who are generous."

"There you have it. Sport is sport and its rules are adamant. It must, however, be put to the credit of British hunt clubs that they spend millions of pounds a year in England, Wales and Ireland for the upkeep of the sport."

"Think of the hunters that are bred and sold annually, the packs of hounds, the huntmen, the stable people, the dozens of hangers on who make a living out of it! Without the hounds certain districts of England would be depopulated. Leicestershire and the midland counties would be almost impoverished if a law were suddenly put in force to make an end to the rich man's pastime. Country houses in nonhunting districts may be had almost for the price of a cottage in Leicestershire, whereas in the Quorn and Pytchley country a country house is as expensive, if not more so, than a London mansion. Instead of diminishing, hunting has grown in popular favor."

Generally.



Doleful Donald—Some of my brightest thoughts come to me when I am asleep.

Stirry Gus—Troubled with toothache, ain't you?—New York Mail.